

Rose peered deep into the glowing sphere, her snub nose pressed almost onto the glass itself. What was this odd contraption she'd found in the TARDIS junkbox? A misty impression gradually began to resolve inside the orb: a sloe-eyed girl in velvet, her pretty face framed with a tight mass of brown curls. Rose heard a soft voice in her head and knew somehow that it belonged to the girl.

'You see, Tegan,' she said, 'the energy waves never actually go anywhere afterwards, they just circulate endlessly. So I've built this device to catch them and convert them back into images and sounds.' She gestured at a sphere just like the one Rose was looking at.

An Australian twang entered Rose's head. 'You mean that your machine can show you anything that ever happened? How'd you tune in?'

'Not everything, no. The machine only picks up the energy waves trapped here inside the TARDIS. I've built in a telepathic circuit, so all you have to do is think of what you want to see and the machine will tune in to the correct energy waves.'

'Useful for keeping tabs on the Doctor, eh? He was on the warpath when I gave him the slip!' The screen demisted to show a blond young man striding angrily through the rounded corridors of the TARDIS. 'Hey, it works!' she almost shouted with enthusiasm.

'I don't think you understand, Tegan,' said Nyssa patiently. 'The glo-sphere can only reconfigure energy waves that have already dispersed.' Tegan looked blank. 'It can only show you events from the past. Where the Doctor was five minutes ago, not where he is now.'

Suddenly Tegan felt a firm hand on her shoulder. She turned to look into the rage-dark face of the Doctor. 'Come along, young lady,' he snarled, 'I have a bone to pick with you!' With one quietly masterful hand at her elbow, he led the apprehensive airline stewardess from the room.

With a shrug, Nyssa turned her attention to the glo-sphere and began to boot up her laptop. It was going to be a long project, and it was not going to be pleasant viewing, but she was sure it would be worth it in the end.

The echoing sound of a slap and a yell of antipodean discomfort broke into

her thoughts for a moment, and the image on the glo-sphere resolved into the sight of the furious Doctor leading Tegan down the TARDIS corridor, as he had done only a moment ago. Nyssa watched with horrified fascination as he turned her facedown over his knee, pulled up her purple uniform skirt to expose her black bikini panties and began to spank her quaking bottom. Nyssa's head reeled at the doubled, out of synch sounds of the spanking, one set of slaps resounding in real time through the TARDIS and into her ears, the other, from the immediate past, conveyed directly into her mind through the telepathic circuits she'd built into the machine.

'That won't do at all,' said Nyssa firmly, and the howling horizontal Tegan faded from the screen. For one thing, she needed all her concentration, and anyways it would be better to start further back: she could always revisit current events later. At last the sound of smacking came to an end. Nyssa smiled as she locked her door. Tegan would probably head for her own bedroom, or maybe the bathroom to dunk her sore bottom in cold water, but it was best to take no chances of being disturbed. She stared at the glo-sphere again, and a tall, white-haired man appeared.

'Oh Jo,' he said, disappointment mingling with anger in his voice as he lectured the short blonde girl who seemed to be taking an inordinate interest in the tips of her white gogo boots. 'How many times have I told you? You must never allow a Venusian snaperat to handle a sonic screwdriver! And what do you do, the very first time you meet one?'

'I thought it was for the best,' mumbled Jo, her thumbs twitching anxiously at the denim hem of the shortest skirt Nyssa had ever seen.

'Well, it wasn't for the best, was it?' Jo unhappily shook her head. 'I can see there's only one way to make you listen to me and do as you're told, and that is a good spanking. Come here, young lady.'

Nyssa flexed her fingers over the keyboard of her laptop as the Doctor sat down and pulled Jo down over his lap. Her skirt flared out, exposing the lower curves of her bottom even before the Doctor folded it back. The glo-sphere flared momentarily as her bright red panties came into full view. 'I must stabilize the color balance,' thought Nyssa to herself, but put the thought aside as the spanking began. The Doctor raised his hand high and brought it down hard. Jo's bottom and thighs wobbled with the impact and her body arched upwards as if trying to escape. Nyssa winced, but didn't

allow that to distract her. She counted thirty-three more slaps across Jo's wriggling scarlet bottom before the Doctor set her on her feet and remarked, 'Let that be a lesson to you in doing as you're told!'

Did Jo learn her lesson, Nyssa wondered. She would find out in time, of course, so long as any further spankings took place inside the TARDIS. It was a flaw in the project that she had no way of knowing what had happened elsewhere, of course, but you can only go so far in amassing experimental data. There was no way of gathering and converting the energy waves from around the universe, and if she set the TARDIS to retrace its steps, the Doctor might catch on to what she was doing.

She had thought of the investigation the first time the Doctor spanked Tegan. Despite the pain and indignity, and despite her moans to Nyssa afterwards about the Doctor's chauvinism, Tegan had taken the punishment in her stride. She'd been put across her father's knee often enough in the past for familiarity to dull its edge and tame its terror. Nyssa's upbringing on Traken had been different. She had never been spanked, and didn't want to start now. Hence her current research project.

She'd briefed herself to discover more about how and why the Doctor punished his companions. If she could understand the process better, she'd have a better chance of taking effective action to avoid it herself. But since she could hardly ask the Doctor directly, she needed some other way to gather the data. That was where the idea for the machine came in. It had taken her months to build, using parts scavenged from around the TARDIS, months during which Tegan received several sound spankings and she herself had one narrow escape. But now she could look in and study each and every spanking the TARDIS had ever witnessed, just by thinking about it.

As the project went on, past punishments of past companions were replayed on a daily basis. There was Romana, the blonde Time Lady with her cream-pantied bottom in the air, looking a lot less regal than Adric had described her. There was Leela, the savage the Doctor had chattered about in his delirium on Castrovalva, looking murderous and submissive by turns as the Doctor paddled her chamois leather seat. There were girls she had never even heard of: Dodo, who cried whenever the silver-haired Doctor spanked her; Victoria, who tried to be a tomboy but screamed like a girl across the Doctor's knee; Vicki, who always wore white panties and had them on

display more often than she must have liked. Nyssa boggled: so many companions, so many spankings, so many sore bottoms!

White bottoms, pink bottoms, red bottoms, black bottoms, blue, green and yellow bottoms. Striped bottoms, polka-dot bottoms, flowered bottoms. Frilly bottoms, satin bottoms, lace bottoms, cotton bottoms. Sometimes, on rare and momentous occasions, bare bottoms. Nyssa shuddered with horrified fascination as she saw the Doctor take down the brunette Romana's panties after she had interfered with the TARDIS console one time too many. Half of her didn't want to watch, but the other half just couldn't turn off the machine, and by the time a pouting Romana pulled the crumple of white lycra back up over her curves, the blush on Nyssa's cheeks matched the chastened Time Lady's other end.

Nyssa approached her task methodically. After recording each spanking, she took detailed notes: the length of time involved, number of slaps, the state of the victim's clothing, the offence for which the punishment was administered. The statistical evidence would be invaluable. It was a mistake to theorize before all the data was in, she knew, but at times she just couldn't help it. 'The Doctor seems to favor companions with pronounced buttocks,' she thought idly to herself after witnessing Zoe's second-skin microdot panties receive yet another fusillade of stinging slaps, then took an anxious glance over her shoulder into the full-length mirror and noted her own impressive development in that area. The image of her own velvet rear upturned and spanked flitted across her mind, and she returned to her task with a will.

With each night's viewing there was the curious appeal of a kind of narrative, too, even though Nyssa always knew how the story would end: the glo-sphere would take up the story in time to see the companion engaged in some naughtiness or other, and it was obvious that retribution would follow, no matter what she might do to evade it. Whether it was a furious chase around the TARDIS console or a companion hiding behind the furniture, the very fact that the glo-sphere had selected the events made it inevitable that they would end with a good spanking.

When that dishy man Ian jokingly told Susan that, with the Doctor looking for her, she'd better put a book down her pants, Nyssa almost cried out at the screen: 'Don't do it!' She watched with a heavy heart as Susan took Ian's words literally, then winced at the sight of Susan over the old Doctor's

lap, pink panties around her knees and pink bottom-cheeks bobbing under each firm slap as he lectured her about taking what was coming to her.

Usually Nyssa took the victim's part, forcing herself to watch spanking after spanking with a shudder, part fellow-feeling and part fear. But when she saw Tegan trying to persuade the Doctor that she, Nyssa, had been to blame for some egregious piece of naughtiness, it was with satisfaction, not sympathy, that she watched justice being done, and every resounding slap that stung Tegan's rear seemed more than well deserved.

As she went on, Nyssa also took an interest in the great variety of clothes the companions wore. She prided herself on her sensible wardrobe, but some of these girls almost seemed to be asking for a spanking. As she saw Polly's bottom quiver beneath the pattern of red, white and blue stripes and triangles that decorated her panties, she wondered why the silly girl would choose such a short skirt. Except in extreme cases, she observed, the Doctor always administered a spanking on a girl's undergarments, so why did Polly, and the others, wear those pelmets that only needed a flick of the wrist to expose their panties for punishment? But then, she thought, even those companions who usually wore pants seemed to end up with their underwear easily exposed whenever the Doctor deemed it necessary. If she hadn't been keeping records, she would have lost count of the number of times Sarah Jane Smith had wagged her semi-clothed bottom over the Doctor's knee.

When all the statistics were finally in, Sarah emerged as the most spanked companion of them all, with a grand total of 27 spankings. For a moment, Nyssa wrote down Barbara as the least spanked, with only one, before hitting the delete key and substituting her own name with its proud tally of zero. 'Long may that record stand,' she muttered under her breath. Spankings were always administered over the Doctor's knee as he sat down, and they ranged in duration and severity from 13 to 148 slaps. 'But then, Tegan had been very naughty indeed,' she reflected to herself on the latter figure. Her tentative conclusions about target exposure were confirmed, and she resolved on the spot never to follow Tegan's advice for avoiding visible panty line. There was also a clear correlation between extreme misbehavior, often after a warning, and spanking on the bare bottom.

The key part of the project followed as Nyssa began to identify the typical actions that would lead to a spanking. It soon emerged that different

Doctors seemed to have different triggers. The two white-haired Doctors were more likely to spank for disobedience, whereas the shabby, dark-haired one most often did so when a girl had foolishly put herself in danger. One constant emerged clearly, though: none of the Doctors had ever tolerated their companions tinkering with the TARDIS. From Susan to Romana, that was the single piece of behavior that always led a girl to end up upended. Nyssa took careful note.

‘I’d been wondering what happened to the telepathic circuits,’ said the Doctor, inspecting the back panel of Nyssa’s glo-sphere. Nyssa whirled round at the interruption, and began to experience the sinking feeling which had become so familiar over her past months’ viewing. She opened her mouth, but no words came out. ‘I had thought the old girl was just having a sulk,’ continued the Doctor, ‘but it’s never lasted as long as this before.’ He’d checked, and found the telepathic circuits gone, he explained; and when he replaced them, the TARDIS had told him what had happened. ‘I could hardly believe it,’ he finished, ‘but there they are, stolen just as she said.’

Nyssa gulped. What could she possibly say to justify herself? She felt his fingers on the scruff of her neck, raising her to a standing position. ‘This way, young lady,’ said the Doctor, his tone all too recognizably stern as he frogmarched her from the room and down the corridor. Adric momentarily looked up from his plate of food as they passed, then turned his attention elsewhere. The Doctor led her into the whitewalled room she had seen so often on the screen. ‘We won’t be disturbed in here,’ said the Doctor walking her over to the single chair in the center of the room, ‘and you’ll be reassured to know that I finished the soundproofing last week, so what happens next will be strictly between ourselves.’

Nyssa didn’t find it at all reassuring as she felt herself tipped off balance, landing across the striped lap of the Doctor’s cricket pants. As she descended, she felt the cool air on her thighs as her own velvet pants were peeled down. She knew all too well what she must look like, her bright white panties exposed, her vulnerable upturned bottom quaking as it awaited the first slap. And, for all the Doctor’s promise of privacy, she knew that, with the glo-sphere, anyone could look in on the spanking she was about to receive. As soon as she could get back to her room, she resolved, she’d dismantle the machine and give the Doctor back his circuits. But with that, the Doctor’s palm cracked down across her panties and drove all

future plans from her mind. Nyssa yelped, her rear vibrated and her legs began their helpless kicking air-dance as the lady from Traken found out at long last what it was really like to have her bottom soundly spanked.

Adric looked deep into the stolen glo-sphere, scarcely able to believe his luck. He'd only snuck into Nyssa's room to help himself to a few pairs of her panties, but now he could actually see Nyssa in her underwear whenever he wanted! An image slowly began to resolve as the telepathic circuits homed in on his choice of viewing and isolated it from the other spent energy waves flowing around the TARDIS. Adric leaned towards it, trying to pick out the emerging image from the swirl of burgundy, beige and pure white, then jumped back with a start as, inside his head, the sound cut in with the sharp, explosive noise of a firm-handed slap.